

# 3 GATEWAY

"The Boyfriend," p. 8



Vol. 79, No. 44

March 12, 1980

Omaha, Nebraska

## Russian emphasis needed

The following is an open letter to the University of Nebraska Board of Regents submitted by UNO student C. J. Reynolds. The opinions expressed in this letter do not necessarily reflect the views of the *UNO Gateway* staff.

When I speak of knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which grasps what it perceives through the senses ... (but) which sees more than the senses convey ... it is an acquired illumination, it is a habit, a personal possession, and an inward endowment. And this is the reason why ... it is more correct to speak of a University as a place of education than of instruction ... education is a higher word; it implies an action upon our mental nature, and the formation of a character; it is something individual and permanent.

*Cardinal Newman  
The Idea of a University*

Dear Sirs:

I have been a student at this institution for close to five years now. From the outset I had best admit that I have been somewhat opaque in my approach to education, in that I have always considered it a means to enlighten the mind rather than to acquire any thick-fingered practical skills or technocratic expertise.

I have learned and discovered much because I have sought to do so, and I am glad enough to have had that opportunity — wherever it may have presented itself. But a regrettable fact is that I have rarely agreed with the educational emphases made by the UNO decision-making committees.

Indeed, some of them have seemed to me little short of cretinous; and a recent piece of news leads me to believe that maintaining the silence I have imposed on myself thus far would only disservice anyone with a stake in the future of this institution. There is no question of whether or not it's a sound and worthwhile place to be educated; my own experience here might prove as much, if nothing else would.

Above all, though, the abilities of some handful or so of gifted professors have allowed me to keep a belief in the learning process, as practised at UNO. Thus it's a matter of interest to me when one of the finest professors I've run across is dismissed out of hand, without the shadow of a valid reason.

The person in question is Dr. Ralph West of the Foreign Language Department. As you may know, he will be terminated at the present semester's end.

In attempting to find out why this is so, he was told by administrative personnel that the answer lay in the file he had submitted as support for his claim on tenure.

The dodge is a refreshingly lame one and must have been the work of a relative newcomer to bureaucratic circles, since the West file contains the most shining recommendations, from colleagues within the department and without. When he pressed for a more honest response in a letter to Dean John Newton himself, the Dean did his underlings one better by replying that no reasons would be given.

Allow me to enter my own recommendation, whatever it may be worth.

I have been one of Dr. West's students in Russian for close to a year now. He is an excellent, dedicated professor. He has a lucid, firm grasp on what is, believe me, a seemingly impossible subject matter.

To this he adds an extensive knowledge of comparative linguistics and cultural evolution, a sensitivity to the splendor of language, and a wit any student of Russian may be grateful for — by this I mean something far removed from the tedious routines of sarcasm and Edgar-M.-Guestian good humor all too many of our Liberal Arts professors have developed, evidently in an attempt to titillate those students (they are legion here) whom they cannot otherwise hope to keep from nodding off, much less to inspire.

Nor can lack of versatility be Dr. West's short-coming. Russian is not even his language of greatest expertise; he is better qualified to teach the German language and its literature, and does so.

We are now at the question — perhaps a futile one, for by Constitutional cavil the Dean does not have to give reason for dismissals; nor, apparently, is he under any pressure to exercise it in deciding on them — of why.

Why is such an undeniable addition to the University as Dr. West being dismissed?

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## Gay group asks UMS membership; opposition mounts

By MIKE KOHLER  
Gateway Editor

UNO's Gay Awareness Organization (GAO) requested last Thursday to become part of the United Minority Students (UMS), setting off a chain reaction of backlash from the UMS director and heads of UMS member organizations.

Mary Novak, the GAO's public relations director, said she "went to UMS and asked to be adopted as part of that group as a minority. We were told we did not fit their definition of a minority." Novak then asked for a copy of the UMS by-laws, which UMS Director Angela Bonam provided.

From the UMS office, Novak and GAO Chairperson Marj Dupley went to the Student Government office to be advised of the necessary steps in resolving the conflict. The GAO said they have yet to plan any action on the matter, but Novak said any actions would be passed from the Student Senate's Rules Committee to the Senate, the vice-chancellor, and, finally, the Board of Regents.

Novak described the GAO as "a loosely organized group of men and women working toward providing personal, political, educational, and social needs of people whose lifestyles contain the potential for intimate same-sex relationships and toward furthering acceptance of variety in sexual and family lifestyles." The GAO, said Novak, has open membership.

The GAO made the request to join UMS because the GAO needs a home base and UMS was the only student group available to them, said Novak. "What we're asking from UMS is not total operation," said Novak. "We're asking for \$200 for office expenses primarily. It's not an effort to downgrade or take over UMS."

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## Of homeowners and bedfellows ...

## Potential buyers get lucky

By KEVIN QUINN  
Gateway Associate Editor

It was a unique situation. The impoverished imps of our inflation-riddled society were finally getting a 'big break.'

Legislation allowing for a mortgage fund financed by bonds had made it possible for impecunious individuals — like myself — to obtain mortgage money at 10.75 percent, about 3.5 percent below the norm.

"Wife," I told my wife, "now's the time to make our move."

"But we don't have any money," she said.

"That's a good point, but irrelevant in light of my industrious nature. I'll get some money," I assured her.

"Where?" She was starting to get to me.

"Hell, how should I know? There's gotta be some money out there somewhere," said I.

We had just paid off several large debts and had little more than \$500 in the bank. But we went out looking for a house.

Lo and behold, on a wind-whipped Friday night we found our dreamhouse. And more important, it was going for only \$25,000. (It even had indoor plumbing.)

A conventional loan was definitely out of the question. Twenty-percent down was impossible for us. I couldn't qualify for a VA loan, as I'd never been in the service. An FHA loan was the only way for us.

Since FHA requires only a three-percent down payment on the first \$25,000, we found out that we'd need a total of \$1,555.50 to close on the house (including all the 'necessary fees'). We were only about \$1,000 away.

I dug through the closet to find any saleable item that might help make up the difference. I found a Bell & Howell movie camera and projector, worth about \$450 total. I sold them at the bargain price of \$100 apiece. (Turnover is the name of the game in the retail market.)

### Lots of soup

We were within \$800. Our next several paychecks found immediate refuge in bank vaults. We went grocery shopping once in five weeks, spending \$39.83 total. We bought lots of soup.

After three weeks we were within \$380. It was worth it, we told each other over the grum-

bling noises from our stomachs.

But time was running out. All the papers were signed. Luckily the mortgage money was being held up because of a lousy bond market.

A short talk with a good friend (who'd saved a bushel of cash in the past few years) got us \$250 closer to our goal. We'll worry about paying that debt after the dust settles. Our next two checks took us over the top. In two months we'd saved (and borrowed) \$1,000.

And we'd lost a little weight doing it.

So there we were, ready to jump at the money when it came on the market. But it was first-come, first-serve. I could imagine the ratrace that would ensue. I told my real estate agent that I'd camp out overnight in front of the bank if I had to, but I didn't think I was serious.

It turns out I was. And it turns out I did.

The money would hit the market on Friday morning at 9 a.m. The night before that I went to the Commercial Federal on 45th and Dodge Street to get details. It was 4:30 p.m. and a

(continued on page 2)

## INSIDE GUIDE:

Joseph Brennan is wrapping up his series on Catholicism today, much to the delight of the right-wing churchgoers and much to the disappointment of the rest of us (editorial us, that is). And of Joe's got a collection-basket full of suggestions on page 5.

Leonardo da Vinci's recently uncovered manuscripts prove that the old guy had quite an eye for the future. He predicted man could develop a good-tasting lite beer. And, he predicted Sheila was an airline stewardess who could swing it. See Stephen Polchert's column, page 6.

The Lady Mav cagers went down to the regional finals in St. Louis before meeting with defeat in AIAW tournament play. Ernie May has detailed account of the Lady Mavs' exciting weekend and writes of their appearance in the upcoming Division II national tournament. See page 11.



(continued from page 1)

line was forming at the front door. I knew than I would have to be one of them.

#### Trouble walking

After dinner and an hour of delivering newspapers on campus, I got ready. Three pairs of socks, long underwear, cords, three sweaters and two T-shirts. I was having trouble walking in all of it. I picked up several paperbacks, some homework, filled a small flask with peppermint Schnapps, grabbed my coat, hat and gloves and went to join the crowd.

It was 8:40 p.m. and I was number 10. The first couple in line had brought a couch, a TV and an electric blanket. Others had brought lawn chairs, sleeping bags, coffee-filled thermoses and doughnuts.

The temperature was a mild 27 degrees with little wind. We were lucky. A glass partition cut us off somewhat from the chill, but my extremities were starting to numb by 9:40.

Carrie Schultz, a UNO graduate working for Channel 3, was taking with the crowd and informed us she'd be doing a live interview for the 10 p.m. news. We turned the TV to KMTV.

I didn't get to see the interview, for Carrie chose to talk with me. It was exciting. I hoped I wouldn't mumble or forget how to talk or anything. It went ok, although I looked like a bum

# Potential buyers get lucky

with hair sticking out at all angles from beneath my stocking cap and two days' growth of beard.

A recent flare-up of acne wouldn't be picked up by the camera, I hoped.

After the excitement passed, we watched David Brenner fill in for Johnny on the Tonight Show. He kept us laughing for a while, but about 11:30 people were already sleeping. I couldn't. It was too early.

I read some and then watched Baretta until after 1:00 a.m. I actually feared going to sleep. I could just picture myself waking up in the Burger King lot across the street while a chuckling crowd entered the bank single file.

But I had no choice. I was dead — and cold. I zipped up the sleeping bag, threw on two blankets, pulled my cap down over my ears and eyes and curled up.

I woke at 5:30 a.m. I dozed off until about 6:30. The sky was gray and the wind had picked up. My toes and fingers had no feeling. It was very uncomfortable. I got up, rolled up the bag, threw all of my gear in the car and stood in line.

#### Captive audience

A group of us took advantage

of the captive audience at that hour, telling every joke we knew. At 6:30 in the morning, we were punchdrunk. We got a lot of laughs. We jumped and kicked our legs every few minutes to keep warm. It was 17 degrees.

At 7:30, the doors opened and we were led to the basement, where coffee and rolls were available at the institution's expense. Commercial Federal had also supplied free doughnuts and coffee throughout the night. It was great.

We got our instructions and our numbers and at nine a.m. we were off. The whole procedure took maybe 15 minutes — it might have been less had not the computer broke down for a short time.

I'd have liked to have seen my face when they announced that. I had just sat down at the check-out table. "I knew it was too good to really happen to me," was all I could think.

In 30 minutes the \$12.5 million allocated to this particular office was reserved. I actually felt bad for the people who didn't get in on it. A warm night in bed proved costly for them.

A WOWT-Channel 6 reporter and camera man followed me through line and then inter-

viewed me. I looked worse than the night before, but what the hell, I thought. I wondered why I had been chosen at random two times in 12 hours to be interviewed for the TV news show. Good looks? I wrote that one off. It had to have been my forlorn, sympathy-provoking appearance.

Hick from the sticks, they probably thought.

I answered several questions seriously, but I couldn't pass up one little ad-lib. Asked what I would do if I didn't get the loan, I replied with a straight face, "Commit suicide."

I stared at the reporter with a deadly serious expression until his confusion got me laughing. He probably thought he was dealing with a psychopath hick (vs. just a hick).

That night as I awaited the 6 p.m. news, I was reading the paper while Walter Cronkite shoveled out national news of the day. I stopped to listen to Edward Kennedy castigate the weak Carter administration. Seconds later I was looking myself straight in the eye.

The poor slob from Omaha had made national news. I severely regretted that they'd cut the suicide comment. They obviously didn't know good, solid

humor when it hit them in the face.

#### No suicide

The local news merely replayed the same clip, again leaving out the suicide comment. Oh, well, such are the sacrifices one must make to be a media star, I suppose.

What did the adventurous experience get me, one might ask?

Well, first off it got me a cold. Secondly, it gave me the pleasure of meeting (and sleeping with) some 20 strangers. We had a riotous time, too. And I learned several new jokes.



The national TV exposure got me a horde of phone calls on Friday night from places such as Storm Lake, Chicago and San Diego — the relatives were impressed.

It also got me a job offer from an Amway sales rep who was in town at a convention. Large deal? Maybe not, but it was something.

I got a brutally honest critique from my mom ("You looked like a bum," she said between guffaws). And I got an appreciative "thank you" from my wife, which made it all the more worthwhile.

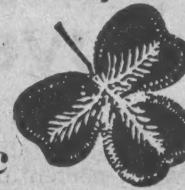

And, although the money isn't ours yet, it is merely reserved for us on the condition we pass all requirements. I feel we got a nice start toward our future as homeowners.

That was what it was all about anyway.



## CLANCY'S PUB

**Announcing  
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## STUDENT ACTIVITIES BUDGET COMMISSION MEETINGS

Monday, March 10, MBSC 314 — 8:30 a.m.

Final Review of all budget requests and discussion of Fund B. The meeting will last approximately 2 hours.



# UMS: No gays

(continued from page 1)

Bonam and heads of other student groups expressed opposition to the addition of the gays' group to UMS. "This group (UMS) is supposed to be for cultural enrichment, and I don't think they fit in," said Bonam. "I don't feel they are under an ethnic group. If they were all Polish gays or black gays, I could see it."

Bonam said some existing groups under UMS would withdraw from participation in UMS if gays are allowed to join them. "They'll be the only group left in UMS," said Bonam. "We'll try to start our own organization."

Monica Edwards, president of a UMS subsidiary, Black Liberators for Action on Campus (BLAC), said, "I do not feel that they (gays) are a true ethnic minority. They are gay women, and that's more of a social problem. Minorities carry their signs around with them."

Edwards said if the GAO is accepted into UMS, "we may as well accept the handicapped. They (gays) should fight like we (BLAC) did and get funds from UNO."

LaCAUSA's Miguel Hernandez said he opposed GAO membership in UMS. "They're dealing on a sexual basis, not a racial basis," said Hernandez. "You can be denied a job on a basis of race, but if you keep it a secret, you aren't fired for sexual preference."

Hernandez added that UMS is supposed to deal specifically with politically deprived groups, and that gays are able to work within white society.

Novak said refusing to see gays as a minority is refusing to see at all. She said UMS opposition is "an attempt to push us back in the closet."

# Albert: Registration would warn Soviets of adventurism

Republican Congressional candidate Mike Albert spoke in favor of draft registration for men at a meeting of the UNO Young Republicans Sunday.

Albert said he favored registration as a means of sending a message to the Soviet Union that the United States was concerned about Soviet adventurism in the Persian Gulf.

However, Albert added that he opposed registration for women because it violated long-held American traditions.

Inflation is the country's biggest problem, though, according to Albert.

Albert has served as a Douglas County Commissioner since 1974, and he said this has given him the experience necessary to deal with the inflation problem.

He proposed balancing the federal budget as the first step in bringing inflation under control.



MIKE ALBERT

"Give me two years in Washington, and if the budget is still not balanced I'll support a

constitutional amendment requiring it to be," he said.

Albert criticized President Carter and Congress for a lack of leadership, in failing to pass an energy program.

He said he had no concrete solutions to the problem. However, states should be given greater freedom to develop their own energy programs, according to Albert.

Albert also said that he "didn't presume to know the answers to the Iran crisis."

"We have people to take care of that sort of thing," he said. However, he said that the crisis would never have occurred if "American prestige had not fallen as low as it has."

Albert has filed for the 2nd District Congressional Republican primary and will run against Hal Daub and Allen Jones.

— Mark Dirkschneider

## DISTRICT EXECUTIVE

The Mid-America Council of Boy Scouts will be interviewing for the position of District Executive. You must be degreed to hold this position. Interviews will be held Thursday, March 13, from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. in the Career Placement Office, Room 134, MBSC.

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**THE SOUND ENVIRONMENT**

Regency Fashion Court



# Russian language study will lead field

(continued from page 1)

Let us first clear the ground of any potential dissemblance. Dr. West has published several articles and is well regarded in his field. He is open to attack in this area only through bureaucratic opportunism, for the following reason: A major monograph of his, now definitely scheduled to appear in May, has had its publication postponed for a solid year now, due to its length.

To judge from advance reviews, this work promises to be worth a good many of the meaningless reams which clutter up the academic gazettes — mainly for the sake of tenurial requirements.

But a despicable paradox arises: these articles, so critical to the UNO tenurial process, are rarely if ever even read by those who arrogate to themselves (not without due legal authority, of course) the right to base decisions upon them.

In other words, anyone with the endurance to churn out enough average material in five years' time and find an editor kindred-souled enough to publish the stuff is in a better position, academically speaking, than the man whose time-consuming, dedicated, and original research has resulted in a single long monograph of far-reaching consequence.

There is one other pretense I must defuse before getting on to the core of the issue. Dr. West has such outstanding talents, and UNO seems so firmly embarked on policies that will turn it into a provincial tar-hole before too many years are up, that influential parties may hesitate to grant Dr. West tenure for fear he'll leave at the first opportunity. But note. The University is obligated to offer a second-year Russian course to those students (there are several) who wish it.

Now, since the language department has no one, besides Dr. West, adequately qualified to teach a second-year course in Russian, it will have to get someone new to teach the class. Granted, the bureaucracy may seek to save some trifling wad of dollars by hiring a part-timer, but what an opportunity would be wasted thereby.

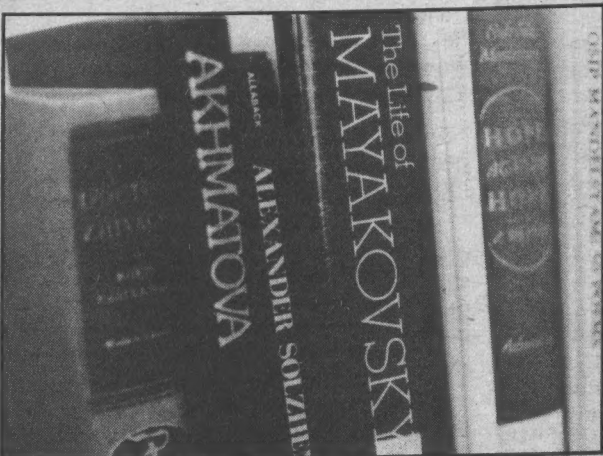
For many obvious reasons which I can only brush over here, the administration must understand now that UNO will need a major program in the Russian language, and minor ones in several others — Chinese and Arabic, for instance — if it's really to attain the growth noised about so much over the past several years, yet centered — from what I can tell — in the manifestly trivial colleges of Business and Recreation.

And since it is infeasible to add these programs within the next few years, the very best choice UNO can make at present is to bolster its existing Russian program. By all but financial criteria, that is.

Given Omaha's Italian population, the Italian sections offered on campus are always dear to the money-counters who run our administration, especially now that the HPER building and Downtown Center — in my opinion a pair of over-rated, largely

delstam and Poplavsky, Bunin, Khodasievich and Nabokov, Tsvetaeva and Akhmatova, Ivanov, Katarova, Sokolov (imagine what agile tongues we should have, if these, too, were household names . . . while I'm here, a hearty *na zdorovye* to whoever's responsible for putting the books of these writers on the shelves of the UNO library), is that we've played into Soviet hands as much in the cultural as in the political sphere, if that is imaginable.

The laxity of Western critics, along with the appalling limpness of our reading public has allowed the Soviets to impose on us more or less their own versions of art in the Soviet Union — either by widely publicizing the more unabashed of their scribbling



ideologists, or by ineptly suppressing such independent spirits as Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn.

Not that the Soviet regime is happy at all about the reknown of *Zhivago* and *Gulag*. Better that, however, than that the Western reading public should get wind of Russian literature's true masters in this century, whose names are mentioned above, whose works are suppressed to this day in the Soviet Union and whose lives, as often as not, were barbarously extinguished.

Of greater worry to the Soviet regime than what Solzhenitsyn, or even their internal dissidents, may do next is the possibility that the spirits of these dead mentors should arise and go over the world; witness the inexplicable delays that spring up each time an edition of, say, Mandelstam's verse is known to be in the works of a Soviet publishing house.

It is not difficult to sympathize with the massive, faceless sufferings portrayed by Solzhenitsyn; but what a change it would signify in American tastes, if the writers I have mentioned were to garner due reverence from the educated public at large.

Indeed, the change has already begun, for a steady number of books on the *émigrés* and their literary successors have come off American presses in the last decade, with no signs of diminishing. What's more, the increased awareness amounts to a mere scratch at the surface; the vistas opening up in this field are virtually unlimited.

If UNO wishes to become a truly reputable university, there is no reason it shouldn't take the bold step of seeking to participate actively in the revelation of a cultural well-spring that, though scarcely tapped as yet, will come to have no equivalent in modern times.

Despite the scoffing sure to be done in bureaucratic and after-hours crowds, the suggestion is a serious one.

UNO could do nothing finer for its tax-payers than to act on it. With Dr. West in the language department, Dr. Walter Bacon in political science, Dr. Jacqueline St. John in history, and a number of professors in the English department capable and willing to teach traditional Russian literature in translation, until the language program has gotten well enough underway to field a course on Russian literature in its pure form, UNO already has the personnel quite capable of forming a solid, volatile nucleus toward a program in Russian language and culture, especially if the administration were to advertise it through proper channels.

Finally, we arrive at the seeming crux of this messy business: money. As hinted above, the issue of Dr. West's tenure is almost certainly subordinate, in the bureaucracy's view, to the issue of shrinking budgets.

Necessarily, some people will have to go, and in some instances it's a good thing. Who knows how many numbskulls would be stripped of undeserved tenure and tossed on their ears forthwith, in the best of all possible worlds.

There must be scores of PE and Accounting instructors we could get rid of without wincing, and if we really got serious we might find ways (impossible as it seems) to do without some of our highly salaried but inadequately trained administrators — for all that the ability to scream loudly and at the right times is not the least developed of bureaucratic skills.

My point is that men of Dr. West's caliber should not be among the first to go. Much the contrary.

Should the public disagree, due to the impractical nature of his field, it is up to the administration to recognize a higher standard; and if our administrators, blinded by an education inadequate to the task of discerning a university's truest needs, find them-

selves not quite equal to that standard, it is for the student body to call them to their senses.

I hereby attempt to do so. To anyone unhypnotized by the sociological witchcraft, it is clear that the decrepitude of a language has always and everywhere predetermined the degeneration of its culture. The ill-regard shown for languages on this campus generally, and the disrespect shown by our administration for a man of unusual gifts in language, are but the extensions of a colder void, residing much closer to home — that is, between the ears approximately.

To illustrate: I have been employed in the UNO English department for about a month now. My job there is pleasantly menial and, luckily for myself and the students, I am not required to read student essays. But now and then I am made to correct spelling tests.

The spectacularly gruesome results of them, combined with the dreary atmosphere pervading many of our English classes, the infantile reading lists most of our instructors are compelled to settle for, and the steady drift of UNO to programs oriented toward profiteering and recreation, lead me to foresee the day when the UNO English department will devote itself mainly to rehabilitating a yearly deluge of high school rubes in need of some minimal linguistic coherence before getting onto the important things like Biz Ed, Natural Sciences, Computer Programming, Practical Nursing, you name it.

There is a generation of people who will look around twenty years from now (if anyone's still interested) and wonder how life in America could have become such a shambles, just as their parents were not embarrassed, after six decades of an increasingly practical bent in American education, to seriously

*This is a generation of people who will look around twenty years from now and wonder how life in America could have become such a shambles, just as their parents were not embarrassed to seriously ask why Johnny can't write, or dream or think, or do much of anything . . . a sure sucker for whatever kicks happen to be in fashion.*

ask why Johnny can't write, or dream, or think, or do much of anything besides vegetate before television sets, stuffed to the gills with stupid delusions, a sure sucker for whatever kicks happen to be in fashion.

However, enough. I am aware that I may delineate problems and hoot the obvious prophecies until I am blue in the face and fingers, without a chance of anything much being done about it.

I once ruminated on the image of contemporary America as a kind of bastardized St. Paul — the idea of staggering to our feet, you know, after the blinding but healthy revelations of the Sixties, without any sense of direction or any voice for guidance, and so forth.

I now realize what a blissfully naive state of unawareness this metaphor bespoke. More and more, sound intellection has got to address a sclerotic mediocracy and an imbecile populace consisting mainly in creatures of appetite — not just with appetites, mind you, but of the appetite, without identity at all to speak of aside from the slaking of certain too-pervasive neurotic compulsions, the pursuit and worship of certain perishable fetishes . . .

In brief, to rejuvenate the comparison, we are dealing with an apostle who would much sooner turn his eyes mud-ward and plug his ears to the counsels of language, whether English, Russian, or Mongolian.

Nonetheless, I must din the appeal of foresight into the ears of anyone still listening. If UNO really wants to become the kind of above-average institution we are told it could be — and perhaps UNO wants nothing of the sort, who knows; perhaps, after all, the tax-payers of Nebraska would not suffer such an affront to their principles — then the best way to accomplish that goal is through the attraction of a gifted faculty and the development of an ever more worthwhile student body for it to work with.

Regardless of what one may think of Russian language and culture and their place in the UNO curriculum, it is grossly clear that the admittance of any ambitious illiterate able to stoke our coffers, along with the unwarranted dismissal of our gifted faculty members, makes for a policy that must be held in the uttermost derision.

Cordially yours,  
C. J. Reynolds

*The administration must understand now that UNO will need a major program in the Russian language, and minor ones in several others — Chinese and Arabic, for instance — if it's really to attain the growth noised about so much over the past several years.*

needless, and ludicrously short-sighted extravaganzas — will have to be paid for.

But institutional studies everywhere indicate that for demographic, economic, and purely academic reasons, the study of foreign languages is bound to become popular again in the next decade.

There is every reason to believe that Russian will head the field insofar as growth ratio is concerned.

Forget the standard jokes (i.e. — "we'll be speaking it soon anyway . . ." etc.).

Forget too the prominence of Russian in the fields of physics, technology, and foreign service. The vital significance of the Russian language to the free world in our age is this: the literature of the Russian *émigrés* and their successors under the Soviets shows genuine promise of becoming the world's next cultural mother-lode. All of which may seem to mean nothing to the average droll Omahan or UNO student. But let's dwell on it a moment.

We have all heard of Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn. The reason we haven't also heard of their artistic superiors and fellow countrymen, from Biely to Man-



# Gay individual lives in isolation and fear

From all that I did and all I said.  
Let no one find who I was  
An obstacle was there distorting the actions  
And manners of my life  
An obstacle was often there to stop me  
when I began to speak  
For my most unnoticed actions, my most  
veiled writings —  
From these alone will I be known  
But maybe it isn't worth so much concern  
So much effort to discover who I really  
am  
Later, in a more perfect society  
Someone else make just like me is certain  
to appear  
And act freely.

Being gay. Two words that knock the top and bottom off your world. They'll send you into a tailspin, off on a ride down the roller coaster. For me, these two words have become synonymous with loneliness and pain. I sit here, alone on my own little cloud and in pain; so close to the clouds of others, yet still outside my reach. Others smile and call greetings, invitations, but yet I cannot get close enough to reach out and make contact. Exhaustion and frustration are rulers here, along

with pain and loneliness. Exhaustion from maintaining relationships that are false to me. Frustration from never being able to converge with the clouds around me.

I'm gay. Those simple words will bring a hail storm of hatred and repulsion upon you if you date utter them. You stand to lose far too much — employment, housing, friends, family, and even your lover. By daring to stand up to the system, you'll lose everything needed for existence as a human being. Not to say those words, however, is to be doomed to a life behind walls and to suffer a slow death — deprived of the essential need of freedom.

Why gay? The questions, oh Lord, the questions . . . Did I, somewhere along the road, choose to be this way? Did I choose a life of guilt, shame, self-degradation? I think not, for it is not my nature to be a

masochist. Have they discovered a chemical imbalance? That I hated my mother? My father? I've lead a search for material and reports, and none of them hold the answers. Could it just be an incident of nature? That I, like any other human being, have a need to love? A twist of fate that I'm attracted to my own sex? I long to be at peace and free to shower my love on whom I choose.

My life? Settled now and finally at peace. Exhaustion and frustration still are co-rulers, but exhaustion and frustration from working towards education of the unknowing — an easier feeling than when I was entrapped in my fears. Loss of job, home, friends? Yes, even my lover. I've weathered those storms and am stronger and firmer in my convictions. The questions? For myself I've found the answers. Like so many others, I am able to love

another human being — I am one of the main who walks to a different drummer. I am at last at peace. Will I ever be free to love those I choose?

— Anonymous

## Brennan's articles expose bad conditions

Dear Editors:

Thank you for printing Joseph Brennan's articles about his Catholic education. Unless someone spoke up about problems like Joseph's, the deplorable conditions of the parochial schools of the 60's would be the same in the 80's.

Who else but the Sisters of un-Mercy would expel a 6-year-old from school because he walked into the girls' restroom? Or ring bells during lunchtime to signal the end of the talking period and time to hurry up and

eat? Or pin Kleenex to little girls' heads because they forgot their beanies? Or beat hands until they turn red because you spoke during Mass? Or tell children to enjoy being children because it is easier to get into Heaven when you are young; God like children the best.

It is true many people today are leaving the Church. They have been dribbling out for quite some time. Only now is the Church starting to do something about it. Telephone lines are being set up in Omaha and all over the United States for former Catholics to air their grievances about the Church.

As for Chris Zenk's criticism of Joseph Brennan's maturity, or lack of it, I always thought that maturity was measured by the lack of objectivity. Joseph Brennan is not; and that by the way, is the mark of a good journalist.

Jean Roach Hawkins

## Catholic Church changes offered

By JOSEPH BRENNAN  
Gateway Columnist

Here are a few suggestions for the Catholic Church.

When someone goes to Mass, he should have a choice of what he wants to do. If he wants to sing along, fine. If he would rather stay quiet and think, that should be okay too.

Bring back the Latin Mass. The Latin Mass is far more conducive to solitude and thought, maybe even prayer. We are all supposed to participate these days, one of the primary reasons for the change in the liturgy, but I would rather not. I should state that no guitars should be allowed in any Latin Mass, either.

The English Mass forces one to always be wondering when the next "move" is supposed to take place. The Latin Mass always allowed for more individuality because it was a quiet affair — you could silently voice a gripe to God without worrying about the guy sitting next to you singing off-key into your ear. I would suggest one Latin Mass every Sunday in my scheme of things. It would probably placate conservatives who have left the Church also.

A couple of other points about going to church. First, the practice of collecting money at the Mass should be eliminated. Parishioners should be encouraged to drop a few bills in an envelope every week at home. True believers will continue to donate. We don't need neighbors peeking out of the corner of their eyes every week to see how many coins Mr. Jones is dropping in the box. I trust that the publishing of annual contributions by parishioners has long since stopped as well.

## commentary

The other point is the "Jesus is lovey-dovey" banners in churches today. They are a distraction and add nothing to the service. Remove them, please.

Some people are upset with the Church over social issues. We should all tip our hats to Mother Theresa and her work with the poor, but if there was no India as we know it, what would she do? Poverty in India is not perceptibly being reduced. And statements such as Pope John Paul II's "simple joys of the poor" to Mexicans in January of last year make one wonder as to the depth of the Church's commitment. Perhaps scrounging around garbage cans can be a spiritual experience.

Again, one wonders about the Church's attitude concerning meaningful social reform when a bishop in New Mexico ignores the carnage at the recent prison massacre and remarks that the inmates have a "powerful belief" in God because the chapel was left untouched. I assume he administered extreme unction after the arms and legs were reattached to the bodies.

I also suggest a little less stridency by the Church on abortion. "There is no middle ground on abortion!" screams the advertisement in The Catholic Voice. In the real world, of course, there is. Try and balance the image of a bag of cells —

(continued on page 6)

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# da Vinci notes reveal dreams of stewardesses

Recently, in a small church in northern Italy, some scientists uncovered some notes and sketches which they believe were made by Leonardo da Vinci in the early 1470's when he was an accounting major undergrad.

Naturally, much heated debate has taken place over whether or not Leonardo actually did major in accounting, or even went to college. However, the following excerpts and analysis of the newly found papers should clear up any doubts about their authenticity.

"I see that it is possible," the notebook reads, "that man can someday have machines that fly, . . . and develop a good-tasting beer with only one-half the calories."

This, of course, is one of the

most controversial passages. Historians have divided on this, with half supporting that it translates to read "have machines that fly," and the other half believing that it says "Have files that can run machines."

The latter argument has been supported by an earlier rough sketch in one of Leonardo's notes which clearly depicts a fly running a drill press. (It is still unknown whether Leonardo was conveying a very small drill press or a very large fly.) However, some feel that this idea was not originated by Leonardo, but by the ancient Greeks. In fact it was Pythagoras who once wrote, "seek . . . cockroaches when brake relining is needed."

The newly-found notebooks also describe with great accuracy several ways to efficiently manufacture striped tooth-

paste. "Man's limits with toothpaste are yet to be reached," Leonardo wrote. Leonardo was so ahead of his time that his methods were lost in history and weren't re-invented until the Van Buren administration. Why the theories were hidden from the world is unexplained, except for an entry in Leonardo's notebook made while working for the de' Medicis, which read, "He that colors his toothpaste classes himself with muskrats."

Another piece of evidence confirming the manuscripts' authenticity is that the notes are written right to left, not left to right. (Leonardo, perhaps due to the fact that he was left-handed, often wrote his notes

right to left.) Leonardo, legend has it, also amused his friends in light discussions by occasionally interjecting with, "Yddub doog, ruof-net," or, "Laer neeb s'ti."

Clever forgers have attempted to imitate Leonardo's handwriting by writing while hanging upside down, or while wearing their clothes backwards. But such attempts have been unsuccessful. However, one forgery of notes, entitled "Treatise on the improvement of Franklin stoves," was displayed in the Louvre for five years before being recognized as a fake.

Perhaps the most important discovery by the scientists was

the Manuscript's date. Since no references to any exact time could be found in the notes themselves, highly sophisticated electronic analysis had to be utilized. This involved feeding verbal content, physical description and paper-fiber composition of the notes into an IBM 6000 dating computer. While it failed to tell scientists how old the manuscripts are, it did tell them that Sheila is an airline stewardess, likes to dance and has a great personality.

Though there are many questions that need to be answered about this major historical find, you, the reader, can nevertheless still feel more cultured than your friends.

## Church changes offered . . .

(continued from page 5)

the fetus as the legalists put it — being dropped into an incinerator with the image of a woman suffering from peritonitis on some quack's table.

The only way abortion will be reduced is — I know, tired old liberal cliché — education. Specifically, that old bogey-man, sex education. We might teach our children responsibility as well as biology. This should include birth control, be it natural or artificial. We may even reduce venereal disease with this approach. By the way, I would aim sex-ed specifically at our young teenage studs, many of them good Catholic boys, who do not possess a sense of self-control. Two to tango, remember.

Sex education, the conservatives say, belongs in the home. It does, but it also belongs in the schools because the fact that parents know

how to procreate does not automatically mean they know everything about sex. Include everybody — parents, teachers, clergy — and emphasize sex as a joyful thing.

As to whether the Church should have women priests, why not? No convincing reason against that move has been argued. If the Church wants to survive, it should accept priests regardless of gender. As for clergy and marriage, the only problem is children and how a priest will support a family.

Moonlighting is out, but the spouse can work to bring in the bread. The notion that priests are somehow morally superior to laymen and therefore have no need for companionship is ridiculous. Again, why not?

As to altar girls, it is very petty to argue against it and a waste of time to even discuss it. Yes.

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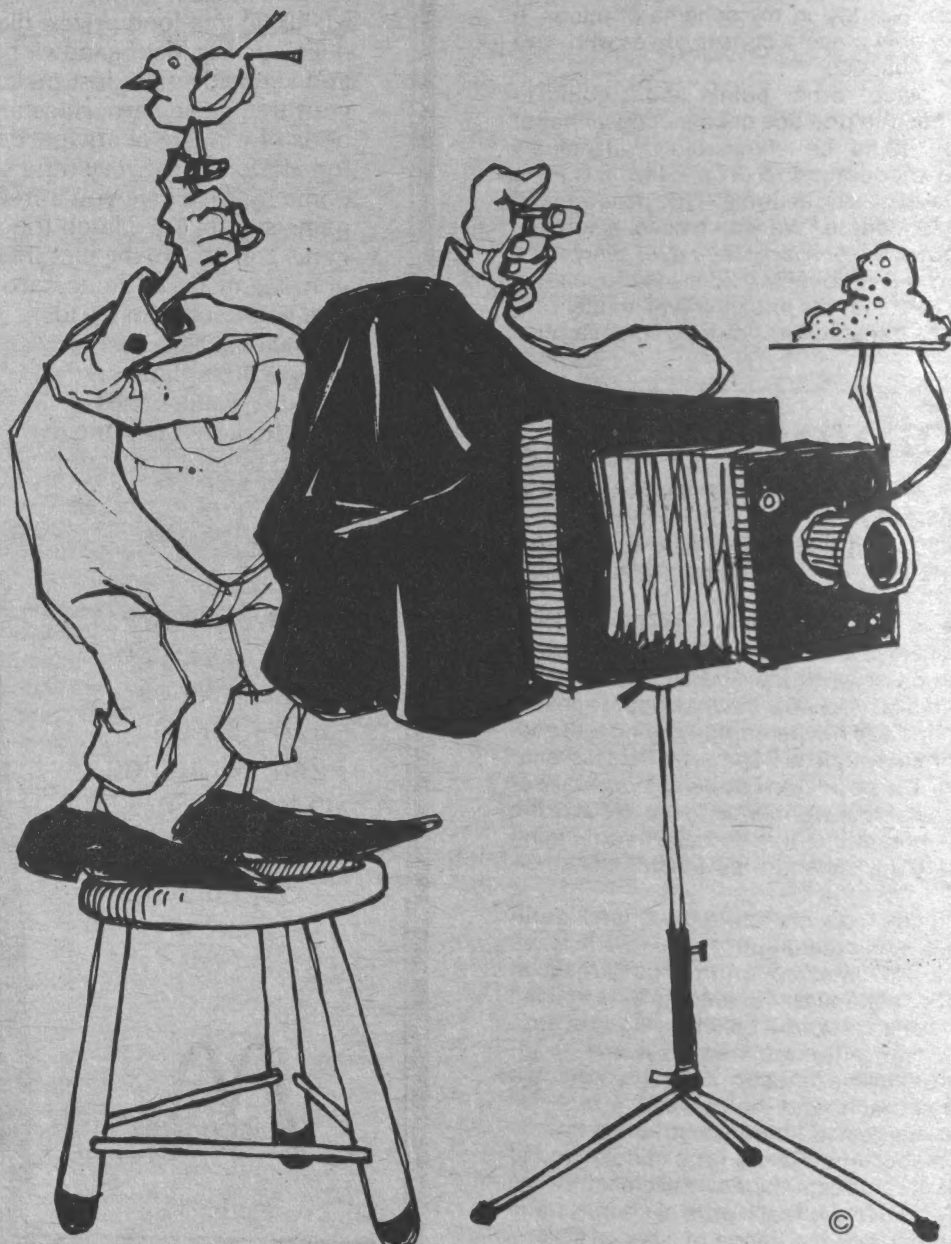
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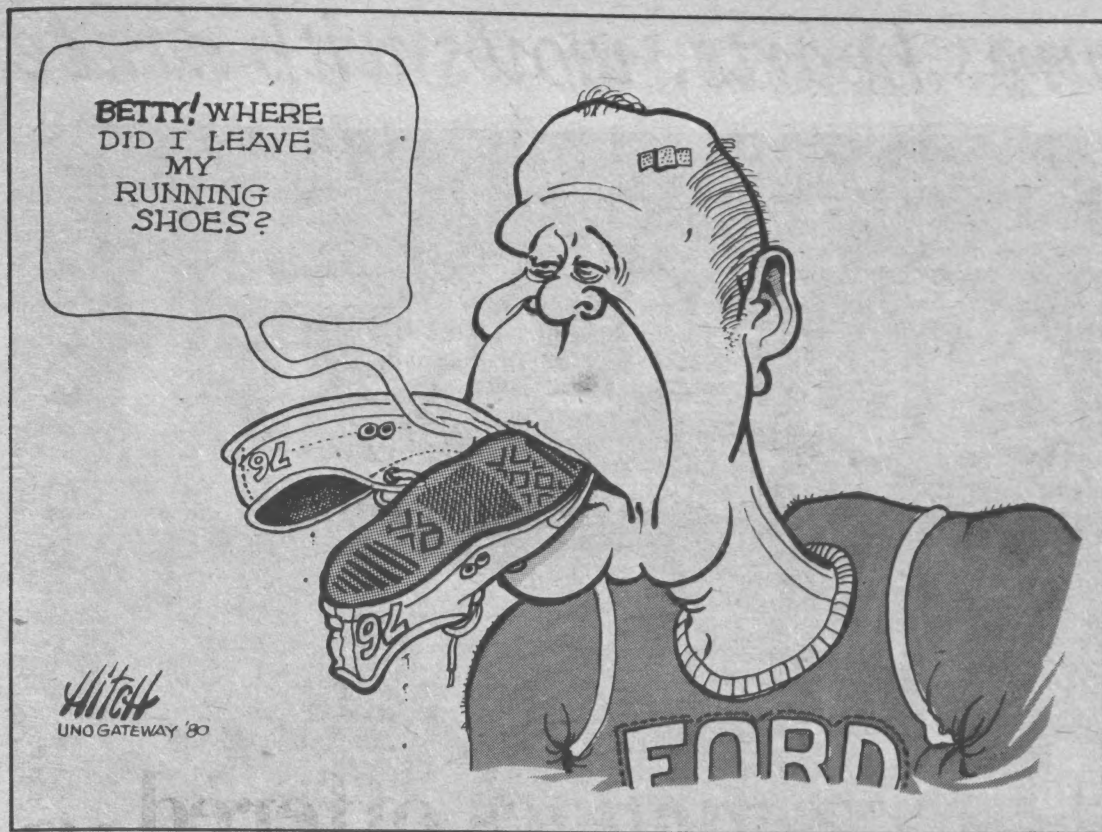
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The Gateway is the student newspaper of the University of Nebraska at Omaha and is published Wednesdays and Fridays during the fall semester. Office: Annex 32. Phone: 554-2470. Mailing address: 60th and Dodge, Omaha, NE 68182.

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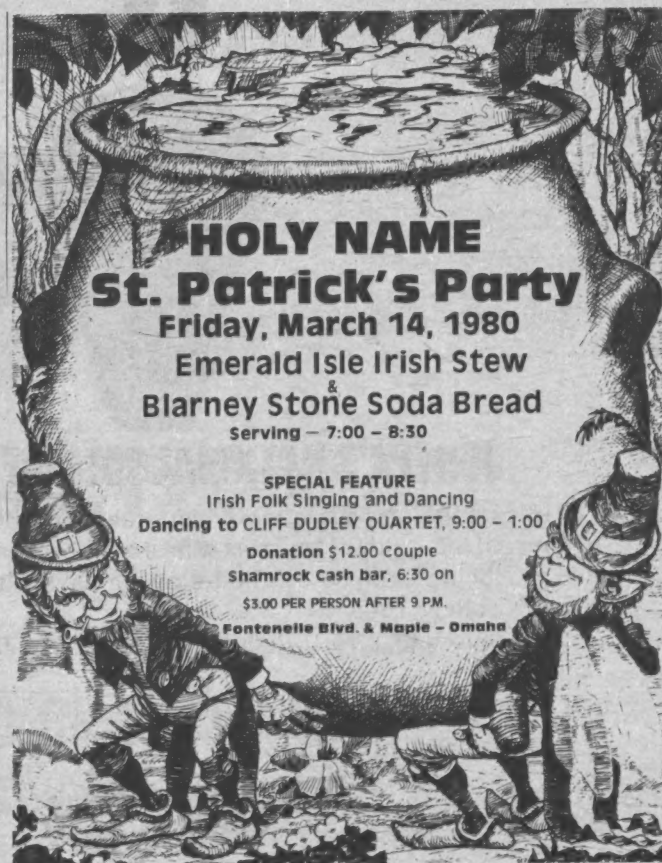
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# 'Boyfriend' cast captures hearts, wows with dance

Last Thursday's performance of Sandy Wilson's "The Boyfriend" at the University Theatre proved that supporting actors are more than just background from which lead actors draw.

Indeed, Debbie Hike, as Southern-drawling and fun-loving Maisie, and Jim Sobczyk, as Maisie's hottest-pursuing suitor, Bobby, would have stolen the show had it not been for strong performances by the rest of the cast.

At first, leads Susan Carda and Patrick Coyle seemed too light of voice to command the stage in this energetic musical production, but the reason for the casting of the two became more apparent as the story unfolded. Carda, as Polly, and Coyle, as Tony, were called on to play a pair of demure teenagers and were meant to capture hearts in the audience.

Hike and Sobczyk, meanwhile, did a considerable amount of heel-kicking in production numbers and wowed the predominantly teenaged audience in a saucy tango number. The duo received an enthusiastic response, including squeals and whistles, during show-ending curtain calls.

The Wilson story centers on a plethora of love relationships at a French boarding school for

girls. Polly, it seems, is troubled because she can't trust any young men to be interested in her without being interested in her money; she's filthy rich, you see.

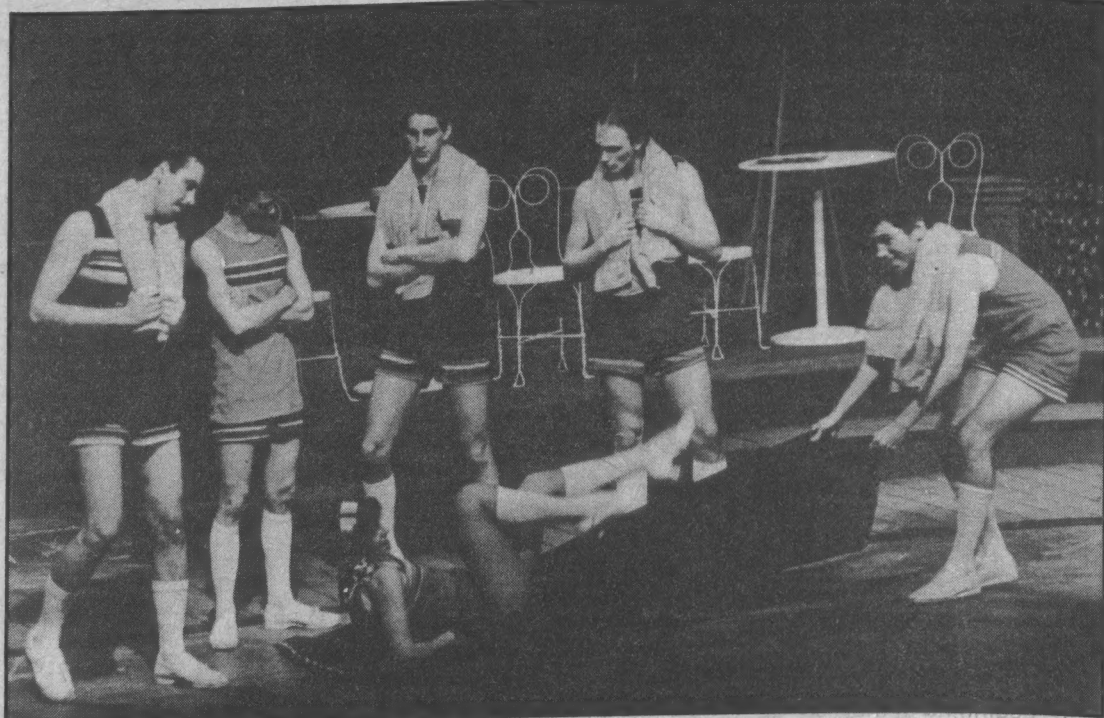
Enter Tony, who delivers Polly's formal costume to her at the school on the day of "the ball." Polly conceals her identity, telling Tony she is the headmistress' secretary. Alas, Tony, too, is filthy rich and is working as a delivery boy while AWOL from Oxford, though he keeps that from Polly.

If you can't piece together the rest of the proceedings, then you don't have an ounce of romance in your soul — or you never watched late, late movies.

The plot sounds rather corny, doesn't it? But that's the idea, I think, behind "The Boyfriend." The eighteen-member cast provides two hours of old-fashioned cornball fun, and the thing just would not work without being corny.

It is no small coincidence that nine love stories are happily resolved by play's end, but several are standouts.

To begin with, Coyle and Carda couple cutely, both having fresh, All-American looks guaranteed to win admiration. The two face setbacks, such as when Tony's philandering fa-



**FUN-LOVING MAISIE . . .** dragged at the beach by a bevy of boyfriends. From left, Jim Sobczyk, Jim Sorensen, Pat Hazell, Jeff Dix, and Steven Gibbs join Debbie Hike in the fun.

ther and nagging mother arrive from Britain unexpectedly, sending Tony fleeing. With Polly thinking the worst of her handsome new beau, assorted other characters, chiefly the school's headmistress, plot to get the couple back together at

the ball.

Pamela Engler, as Mme. Dubbonet, and Craig Spidle, as Polly's visiting father who rekindles an old flame with the headmistress, provide a contrast to the fast-tempoed Charleston beat of the production numbers with their love duets.

Hike and Sobczyk convey the most spirit among the cast. They put such energy into their performances that sheer delight emanated from them. If those

two weren't having a terrific time playing their parts, then they really are much better actors than I thought. The two got into whatever their roles demanded — singing, dancing, and kissing.

The girls who played Polly's schoolmates — Julie Hoffman, Carol Spencer, Nancy Cross, and Karen Merrill — were giggling convincingly enough to elicit giggles from the audience.

A pleasing aspect of the evening was the marvelous reaction from the young segment of the audience which at one point made me think it was field-trip night. It was really nice viewing with them as deportment was excellent and everyone seemed in a happy, "up" mood.

The only little slips, such as the tipping of a prop bottle, were small enough to be easily ironed out. The performances you'll see this weekend (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday) should match polish with enthusiasm.

— Mike Kohler



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# Native son's art works in Gallery 'attractive'

Fifteen paintings from the '70s' by Nebraska-born artist Dan Christensen are currently showing at the UNO Gallery.

Christensen graduated from the Kansas City Art Institute in 1964, and moved to New York the following year.

Donald Doe, director of the UNO Gallery, said Christensen's abstract compositions were about the materials and the history of painting.

Doe described Christensen's paintings as Post-Minimal Abstraction. "Minimalism" refers to an art movement of the 60s and later that was preoccupied with pure visual objects, devoid of any narrative or expressive qualities. Signs of the person or the process that created the art object were, Minimalists said, impurities that should be cast out.

Christensen is a former Minimalist who changed directions at the beginning of the '70s,' according to Doe. The works are still abstract, but Christensen's methods are more spontaneous than the stark calculations of the 60s.

At the March 5 opening, the artist said he now paints intuitively. One thing leads to another in his painting; each step suggests another direction for the process. This creative process occurs both in the development of each painting and in the development of a whole series.

"Iron Day," painted in 1970, is a transitional piece in Christensen's creative development. The painting is composed of rectangular color planes with an eccentric balance. The planes appear to have hard edges, and at first glance one notices not suggestion of painterly technique. But closer examination reveals tiny dapples of color along the overlapping planar edges. A tertiary rose-

colored rectangle on the left side covers about half the canvas.

Christensen set this huge area of rather demure color against strong blues and dark gray on the right and a band of hot orange across the top. Two strips of light green along the right edge add further tension to the composition. "Iron Day" is an ironic painting; it incorporates inherently stable elements in a dramatic and unstable design.

By 1972 when he painted "Steelhead I," Christensen concerned himself with the investigation of textures and obvious painterly effects. He layered white acrylic unevenly over the whole canvas, making thick ridges that texture the surface and develop spontaneous linear patterns. Hints of pink, tan and blue glow beneath the white surface and provide a secondary motif.

In the mid-seventies Christensen continued texture studies with his a series of dark, heavily covered canvases. "Thor's Wife" is a tall, narrow painting from this period with thick, organic-looking strokes of translucent white and neutral grays.

Boldly working the linear qualities of the texture, Christensen established a cascading rhythm that rushes down from the upper left. Several areas of strong color appear as holes in the textured surface.

Although color is still secondary in "Thor's Wife," red-orange, muddy yellow, blue and dark violet reveal themselves more powerfully than the pale tints in "Steelhead I."

The 1976 painting titled "Kuwait" marks both a continuation of earlier motifs and a shift to a figure-ground composition. An enormous wedge of thick

brown pigment thrusts down from the top of the painting. Christensen set horizontal gestures against this downward rush and again revealed flat areas of color beneath the surface. But "Kuwait" departs from earlier works in the show in that the artist has developed a textured figure on a flat ground.

Compositions dealing with figure-ground relationships occupied Christensen for the rest of the decade. Sometimes he nearly abandoned linear elements as in "Mandarin Pi" where swirling brush work and very thin pigment soften the textural lines.

Layered, translucent washes of red, yellow, tan and gray give subtle shade variations to the background. Christensen completes the composition with a terse mark of transparent red set radically off in the lower left corner.

The paintings from last year show a return to lines as compositional elements. "Wood Chopper's Ball" combines calligraphic brush work in strong colors with thick ochre lines that seem to hold the struggling colors apart. His individualistic sense of balance and the intuitive methods of painting led Christensen to organize the

work around low center of gravity.

With works in the permanent collections of the Whitney, the Guggenheim, and others, Christensen is not just another local favorite son. He is in the vanguard of contemporary art. The UNO Gallery show offers a rare opportunity to see the development of a major artist over a period of 10 years. The exhibit is well thought out and, considering the Gallery's size, attractively displayed. The show runs through March 28. Hours are 8-to-5, Monday through Friday.

— Mike Odom

Applications are now available for summer and fall editors, and summer and fall advertising managers.

Pick-up applications in the Gateway office, Annex 32. Completed applications must be returned to the Gateway office by 5:00 p.m., Monday, April 7. Selection will be made on Friday, April 11.

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# Lene Lovich has a vision but no intensity

Lene Lovich has a vision. She also has "Flex," a new album on the Stiff/Epic label.

The vision is an unfortunate muddle of mysticism and theatrical sound effects set to march time. In the name of new wave, Lovich stacks layers of synthesizers on her schlock-rock voice like the veils of the Fellini costumes she affects.

"Flex" is slickly produced and features 10 songs — seven of which Lovich wrote with Les Chappell, her co-producer and guitarist.

"Bird Song" opens side one and sets the pace for what follows with a low bass phrase. Lovich pipes in like Ursula Dudziak just before the rhythm section begins to thump out a

rock beat. It's nice dance music. Most of the album is nice dance music, and none of the tunes last five minutes, which is why Lovich claims new wave credentials.

The most satisfying cut on "Flex" is "Wonderful One." A pounding drum in the chorus overpowers Lovich's theatrics to make a song with a barely noticeable reggae flavor. But that vision of hers seeps in as Lovich sings a confusing blend of monotheism and monogamy.

Who is her wonderful one? He's "perfect" and her reason for living, she sings. (Is he God?) But then Lovich says she's "totally programmed to please" him. Is he her boyfriend, Chappell? Who knows?

Before her 1978 debut as a

vocalist, Lovich tried to make it as a saxophone player. Unfortunately, only two cuts on "Flex" feature sax licks.

In "Joan," she marches her sax through what is either a feminist anthem or (the lyrics are again unclear) an exhortation to deviance. At any rate, "Joan" sounds like a parade through a Parisian nightclub.

Yet when Lovich croons the sensual saxophone riff near the end of "The Night," she is more expressive and subtle than in any of her vocals.

The material on "Flex" is too limited for Lovich's already limited voice. The melody lines don't allow diverse vocal expression, and she delivers every line with the same deadly-earnest intonation. True, she can and does chirp occasionally, but like a loud estra in "Three

Penny Opera," her husky chanteuse voice predominates.

Marianne Faithfull, Joan Armatrading, Bonnie Bramlett and Ellen McIlwaine have all expressed the emotional intensity that Lovich seems to crave. Lene's voice is not naturally expressive so "Flex" often sounds silly. Her voice just won't do it.

A lot of rock music is angry. Marianne Faithfull is angry. Is Lene Lovich angry? Who can tell? She passionately feels something or another. Fear? Dread? Certainly not humor. Anyone who can deliver lines like "Monkey see, monkey do" with Lovich's earnest conviction suffers from a severe humor deficiency.

Lovich's vision oozes with science fiction melodrama. On several cuts, she employs a male chorus that mutters and

chants like the guards from a witch's castle in Oz. The magical engines of a starship couldn't drone and burble like these synthesizers. Monsters creep through passageways plotting gothic horrors, and Lovich warbles her fervor. Her vision endureth all things (endureth even The Thing).

"Flex" pretends to be music of the future, sci-fi pop. That's her vision; she makes music for Star Trek sound tracks. It's like nothing we've heard before, to paraphrase Spock.

But we have heard it before. We've heard it in Ursula Dudziak's spacey jazz. We've heard it in Marianne Faithfull's marvelously expressive voice.

But Lene Lovich has her vision, and she sells it pressed in vinyl. And people buy it.

— Mike Odom



Lene Lovich . . . sings 'Star Trek' rock

## Lee band like whiskey on rocks

The Merwin Lee Band — now there was a truly fine group, as those who witnessed last Wednesday's Student Center show can attest.

The band's whiskey-inspired Southern rock produced a genuine warm reaction from an audience normally given to a few handclaps and a couple of "heys." Probably the main reason Merwin Lee commanded the attention of the entire gathering was that the band didn't have to struggle to capture it.

The band didn't make silly promises of rock-in' and rollin' the joint and didn't rely on high decibel counts to grab the audience. Instead, they took the stage (albeit a bit late) and put on a show that oozed of professionalism usually confined to clubs and concerts (and previously missing from UNO gigs).

The Merwin Lee Band has backed the Ozark Mountain Daredevils, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Earl Scruggs, Gatmouth Brown, and the Amazing Rhythm Aces, and the band's style fits right in among the bunch. Formerly a predominantly bluegrass group, the Merwin Lee Band, led by

fiddler Mike Fauth, guitarist Dan Sullivan, and drummer Tony Pflug, has undergone personnel changes and has produced a new sound.

The addition of guitarist Steve Byam, keyboard player Bill Thomsen, and bass player Lyle Yates has brought about a shift to country rock along the lines of Dan Fogelberg and the Outlaws. Some material by each of those and numbers by Eagles, Poco, and the Dirt Band spice the sets.

When they began by playing "Buy For Me the Rain," I knew the show would be a bitch. Then they played my favorite Marshall Tucker tune, "Desert Skies," and I was hooked, hooked enough to demand another fix at the Howard St. Tavern.

Outlaws music is some of Lee's best, particularly the effect of the three-lead-guitar arrangement in "Hurry, Sundown." This smooth band is playing this weekend and next at Butch Cassidy's, including a special St. Patrick's Day gig.

— Mike Kohler

America's New Jazz Sensation!

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Pogo's



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# Missouri fans prove to be crazy people

By ERNIE MAY  
Gateway Sports Editor

I was a little distressed by my trip to Lincoln last weekend to see the NCAA regional basketball games being played there. The games were good ones, some of the best I've seen in a long time, but, the behavior of the Missouri fans who made the trip to Lincoln was disgusting.

Throughout the Missouri-Notre Dame game, whenever a referee made a call the fans disagreed with they would throw ice, coins, wadded up paper cups, and assorted other garbage onto the playing floor.

I'm not saying the officiating was good, for it was some of the worst I've seen in a long time, but the fans actions can only be described as rude and belligerent. There is no room for behavior like that at any sporting event!

\*This action may be tolerated in Columbia, Mo. but it is not appreciated here.

The Missouri basketball team is a good one this season, however, they lack something other teams do not — **FANS WITH CLASS.**

I couldn't help wishing as I left the sports center that Missouri gets beat by 30 points next time out, with its fans getting a dose of their own medicine.

## Job well done

I would like to congratulate Don Leahy, Gary Anderson, Mike Denney, Chuck Osberg, Jim Bayly and others involved for putting on one heck of a wrestling tournament.

The tournament went off without a hitch. Visiting coaches and wrestlers alike were continually praising UNO for its hospitality and tournament organization. Well done guys and good luck in landing the 1982 Division II Wrestling Nationals!

## Seeding committee questionable

This may sound like sour grapes, but it's something I couldn't let go by unnoticed. I'm about to tell you how the two North Central Conference representatives to the Coaches Seeding Committee cheated two of our wrestlers participating in the National Wrestling Tournament.

The purpose of seeding the top wrestlers is so they won't knock each other off in the early rounds, allowing someone with a 5-18 record, win the championship.

The first questionable vote came when it was time to seed the 158-pound class. The two coaches representing the NCC Regional, from South Dakota State and Augustana, voted to seed Kirk Simet of Augustana, passing up Bill Wofford of UNO, who was the NCC's 158-pound champ, and had defeated Simet in the finals to win it the championship.

By seeding Simet number six Wofford remained unseeded and faced number four seed Ed Egan, losing 8-4 in a close match. Simet, on the other hand, faced unseeded Tim Napier of Southern Illinois-Edwardsville and was upset 11-9. Had Wofford been seeded where he belonged, no telling how far he could have gone.

Then there was Tim Cahill at 190 pounds. Cahill was 19-6 going into the tournament and should have been seeded in the top eight. The NCC representatives disagreed however, and failed to enter Cahill's name for nomination at any time.

The final result was Cahill facing top seeded Geno Savagnano and losing 15-1. Cahill then battled through the consolation round to finish fourth.

What I am questioning is the favoritism shown by these coaches, who were supposed to be representing all the wrestlers in their region.

The only fair way to avoid this in future national tournaments is to compile all pertinent facts such as records, scores, opponents faced, etc. and feed them into a computer which would then kick out the top eight seeds on an arbitrary basis.

## Wrestling awards

After having enough time to recover from the hundreds of wrestling bouts I watched at the national tournament, I decided to present some individual awards of my own:

**Best Wrestler:** Brian Parlett of Augustana. Parlett had four pins in his five bouts during the national tournament in a total time of 8:47.

**Most Surprising Comeback:** Tom Reed of Southern Illinois-Edwardsville. Reed won by injury disqualification after he was dropped on his head during a match. He was carried from the fieldhouse on a stretcher and taken to the hospital but later returned, and against his coaches wishes, wrestled in the third place finals winning the bout and a wild card berth to the NCAA Division I nationals in Corvallis, Oregon.

**Most Surprising Loss:** Dave Klemm of Eastern Illinois. This big heavyweight wrestler had only three losses all season. So sure were we at the press table that Klemm would win, we typed up the final team standing figuring in the team points Eastern Illinois would have received had Klemm won. Unfortunately, he lost and we had to redo the standings.

**Most Disappointed Winner:** Reggie Johnson of Ashland. Johnson lost a match to Tom Reed on an injury disqualification when he accidentally dropped Reed on his neck. Johnson came back and won the fifth place final by default when Randy Blackman was knocked groggy. So disappointed was Johnson that he was on the verge of tears when he learned of the default giving him fifth place.

**Best Match:** John Paddock of Minnesota-Duluth vs. Phil Brown of Morgan State. After a 10-10 tie in regulation and a 5-5 tie in overtime this consolation round match ended on a referee's decision giving Paddock the win.

# Lady Mavs off to California

By ERNIE MAY  
Gateway Sports Editor

The Lady Mav basketball team suffered a 73-60 loss to William Penn last Saturday in the finals of the Division II AIAW Region 6 basketball tournament held in St. Louis, but they are in the national tournament, receiving a bid to play Cal-PolyPomona tonight.

Cal-Poly is 25-12, including a win over the UCLA women, and has won its conference the last four years in a row.

The UNO women advanced to the championship game of the Region 6 tournament by defeating Southwest State 61-41 Thursday and William Woods

the game from the start.

The semifinal game Friday put UNO up against William Woods, the Missouri representative to the tournament. The score did not reveal the way the Lady Mavs played.

UNO never trailed in the game as they jumped out to a 16-9 lead with 10 minutes left in the first half.

Barb Hart scored 23 points, 14 in the first half, and Kriss Edwards added 12 more to lead the Lady Mavs, while Kathy Kunz scored 18 points for William Woods.

William Woods never tied the game and never went ahead,

Saturday night against William Penn, the Lady Mavericks new what they were up against before the game started.

UNO had faced the Lady Statesmen before, losing by two at home and 17 at William Penn.

The Lady Mavs led by Barb Hart's 19 points and 10 rebounds took a 32-31 halftime lead but could score only 28 second half points compared to the Lady Statesmen's 42.

Kim Belliveau scored 17 points for William Penn who forged a 10 point lead with 6:34 left in the game and coasted to victory.

Norene Groff scored nine of

# SPORTS

59-57 Friday, before losing to William Penn.

In Thursday nights game, Norene Groff and Mary Henke each scored 12 points to lead the Lady Mavs past Southwest State, who hails from Minnesota.

UNO jumped out to an early lead, and never trailed in the game as they took a 27-19 halftime lead en route to the victory.

Mary Jo Henderson grabbed a game-high 10 rebounds as the Lady Mavs shot 79 percent from the free throw line, controlling

but it kept the pressure on the Lady Mavs by shooting over the top of UNO's zone defense.

Norene Groff and Mary Henke kept UNO alive in the second half with their rebounding, pulling down nine apiece.

UNO Coach Cherri Mankenberg said she was pleased by the way her team played. "Norene and Mary saved the game with their rebounding," she said, adding, "I'm proud of the way the team played, they gave a lot of effort in the win."

In the championship game

her 10 points in the second half and Kirsten Sullivan grabbed eight rebounds and hit six free throws in the second half for UNO, who shot only 32 percent from the field.

Coach Mankenberg said after the game she was proud of the team. "They didn't let up, they played hard all season and I am happy with the season and the team."

The Lady Mavs are now 23-12 and should they defeat Cal-Poly tonight, they will play at Arkansas Tech Saturday.

## Contemporary Productions Presents

## The Pat Metheny Group

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Tonight, 9:00 p.m. at

## Pogo's — 72nd & Pacific St.

Tickets available at Pogo's, Peaches & Brandeis  
\$8.50

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## CHICK COREA & FRIENDS

Joe Farrell, Reeds      Gayle Morgan, Vocals  
Al Vizzutti, Trumpet      Bunny Brunel, Bass  
Tom Brechtlein, Drums



**FRIDAY, MARCH 21st / 8 PM / MUSIC HALL**  
**RESERVED SEATS: \$8.50 & \$7.50**

Tickets at the Auditorium & Brandeis or by mail . . . Send stamped return envelope and money order (no checks) to: Omaha Civic Auditorium, P.O. Box 719, Omaha, NE 68101.



## classifieds

Classified ads (except business) are published at no charge for UNO students, faculty and staff. Suitable identification must be presented when ad is submitted. Please limit ad to 25 words. No phone-ins will be accepted. All ads must be in the Gateway office by noon Friday for inclusion in the following week's papers. Business ads are \$5 per week for 25 words or less. The Gateway reserves the right to refuse or edit any ads submitted.

### HELP WANTED:

Sitter needed for 4½ year old girl. My home in Immanuel Hospital area, 5 days a week, 11:30-6 from March 17th to end of May. Must provide own transportation. Call 571-3224 after 6 weekdays or anytime on weekends.

**PART-TIME WORK** — Typing in the home and taking meeting minutes on campus. Shorthand necessary. Contact Bernie Kolasa, ext. 2624.

### WANTED:

**PERSON TO DO** part-time carpentry work, variable hours. Call 556-3273 after 7.

**PER TO SHARE APT.** by Westroads. Must be conscientious and reliable. \$90/month plus electric. Call 496-4350 after 8, T-W-Th.

**PEOPLE WANTED:** COUPLES or individuals interested in second or third income. Part-time earnings from \$100 to \$1,000 per month. Interested? Call 731-0523.

**A MALE ROOMMATE WANTED.** Home in Millard area. Please call Dave at 896-1738.

**RIDE TO MADISON, WISCONSIN** — MARCH 29th or April 1 for 2 people. Call Theresa after 5, 558-8242.

**WANT A GOOD HOME** for a 4 month old female Calico kitten. Free. If interested, call 592-3333 weekdays after 2 or 333-6186 weekends. Ask for Rich Salkin.

### LOST AND FOUND:

**LOST** — \$25 REWARD for the return of a Hewlett-Packard 34-C calculator, lost on campus Thursday, Feb. 28. If found, please contact Bob at 554-2852 or leave a message.

**LOST** — one class ring in the Milo Bail Student Center across from the bookstore in the female restroom. It was a Central Class ring with initials R.L. — Class of 1976. Call Rene, 422-7232, before 5.

**LOST:** Women's watch, 4th Fl. Admin. on Monday. Reward! Call 341-1651.

### SERVICES:

**TYPING** — FAST AND EFFICIENT typing done at home. Low rates arranged by page. Call and leave message, 331-1212.

**LAMP REPAIR SERVICE:** rewiring, replace sockets and switches; reasonable prices. Call Maurice, 556-5507, after 5.

**FACULTY! STAFF! STUDENTS!** Typing/word processing, editing, dictation, transcription provided for the author, business, student. Prompt, accurate service; reasonable rates. Rachel's Typing Service, (402) 346-5250.

**A PHYSICIANS ASSISTANT** is available Mondays and Thursdays, 8 to noon, free of charge to students, in the Student Health Office, MBSC #132.

**DO YOU NEED SOME HELP** in your accounting or business statistics class? If you do, call Jack at 333-0506.

**TYPING BY PAGE**, close to campus. Call Joyce, 553-3067.

**ORGAN LESSONS** for beginning students. All ages welcome. Competent, interested teacher, 571-1686.

**YOUR PERSONAL RESUME** — the most important paper you'll ever write. Land a good job! Have it done by a Professional! 571-1686.

**NEED TYPING DONE?** Have it done by a pro. Prompt, accurate, 571-1686.

### FOR SALE:

**ADVENT RECEIVER**, 2 years old, excellent condition, \$110 firm. Pioneer Project 100A speakers, like new, \$75/pair. Call 323-3333 after 7.

**1967 MUSTANG** 289, Auto., 1 pair snows, 1 pair slotted chromes, ready to paint. Best offer over \$400. Call 556-3273.

**MUST SELL 2 G-78 15"** Goodyear Radial Tiempo's, \$50 or best offer for pair. Call Ralph, 339-6435.

**BALDWIN PIANO**, excellent condition, call 339-9233.

**IRISH HARPS**. Various sizes. Easy to play. Sylvia Woods, Box 29521, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

**FENDER RHODES ELECTRIC PIANO**, 1973 suitcase model (self-contained model), just overhauled, excellent condition, perfect for professional — \$750.00. Walter Scott, 393-9994.

**TRAILER FOR 14 FISHING BOAT**, \$125, easily converted to snowmobile, motorcycle or utility, 393-2849 or see Steve, AH 127C.

**'78 FORD RANGER**, 4 wd, auto., air, PB/PS, 16,000 miles. Anxious to sell — see and drive to appreciate! Asking \$4300. Call 7988 after 5.

**MUST SELL HONDA ODYSSEY** — 1 year old with custom built trailer \$1,350 or best offer. Call 322-1434 or 328-0306.

**B/W TV, 12"**, in excellent condition. Reason: I have bought colored TV, price negotiable, call 551-9457.

**TWO TICKETS FOR OPERA OMAHA'S "Kiss Me Kate"**, April 19, excellent orchestra seats, \$17.50 value, selling for \$10 each. Call 556-4973.

**SEARS PROTABLE SEWING** machine, cabinet, good condition, \$50. Call 556-4973.

### PERSONALS:

**WHAT IS "COSMOLOGICAL ID?"** What is a "visionary soundscape?" A television interlude, for now. Thank you Capt. Linas A. Roe and NASA! Sincerely, Farley Thomas.

**ATTENTION WOMEN:** Dr. Judy Ramaly, Assoc. Dean for Research and Development, UNMC, will be the featured speaker at the second "Brown Bag" Luncheon sponsored by the UNO Women's Network. Tuesday, March 18, 11:45 — 1, MBSC Dining Rooms A & B. Topic: Covert Discrimination. For further info, call Barbara Hewins-Mahoney, ext. 2409 or Miriam Davis, ext. 2333.

**THE WEEK OF 2/25/80**, I gathered 30 POUNDS OF CANS. At 25¢ per pound, that's \$7.50. Who says recycling doesn't pay?

**TRIVIA ANSWERS:** 3, Malchus QUESTIONS — The Millionaire: Who was the voice of John Beresford Tipton? Name the bank trustee in charge of distribution. Answers forthcoming.

**COME TO THE CHAPTER SUMMARY BIBLE STUDY**, Fridays at 11, MBSC Rm. 314, and see that faith in Christ will make you strong.

**ATTENTION JUDGES OF THE Fraternity '10' contest:** We question your judging criteria; was it looks or inches? And how would you know? Signed, The Doubters.

**HEY BROTHER SIG NU'S**... Thanks for a wild time at the Madhatter Party. The S. and B. relay races were too much! Sisters of Alpha Xi Delta.

**KIDDO! NEXT TIME YOU** want to "watch the movie" at least make it one that I'd want to watch too. Other things are more fun, though.

**OK, SO TWO OF YOU GUYS** weren't stumped by my stumbers. I'll get you next time. Answer: Professor is Roy Hinkley and the Skipper is Jonas Grumby.

## up and coming

**UNO students, physical education majors and faculty** are invited to participate in the 1980 United States Badminton Championships to be held April 16, 17, 18 and 19 at the Offutt Air Force Base Gymnasium. Admission is free to spectators. Play begins at 9 a.m. and lasts to 9 p.m. each day. For entry and fee information call Mr. John Frady 294-5904.

**The first meeting** of the UNO-NAACP will be held on Wed., March 19th at 1 p.m. in Room 120. The upcoming trip to Miami will be discussed.

**Attention Women:** Dr. Judy Ramaly, Associate Dean for Research and Development at the UNL Medical Center will be the

featured speaker at the second "Brown Bag" Luncheon, Tuesday, March 18, 11:45-1 p.m. Dr. Ramaly's topic will be Covert Discrimination.

**The Gay Action Organization** will hold a meeting Wed. March 12, at 7 p.m. in MBSC Room 302.

**Attention all criminal justice majors** and anyone else interested. Come see and hear Sarpy County Juvenile Court Judge Staley, Wednesday March 19 at 12 noon in MBSC Room 302.

**A Women's Career Awareness Workshop** is being held Saturday, March 15, in the CBA auditorium from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. The workshop will be free and open to any woman interested in business or the profes-

sions. For further information call Janet Pistille at 554-2291.

**The Handicapped Student Advisory Committee** will tour the HPER Building on Wed., March 12 at 1:30 p.m. All handicapped students, faculty, and staff are invited to join the tour. The group will meet outside Room 100 to begin the tour of the facilities. For more information, contact Barbara Hewins-Maroney, Special Programs Office 554-2409.

**Biology juniors** with a 3.0 gpa or better apply for the Hitchcock Award (\$200) for your senior year. Ask in Biology Office, Alwine Hall Room 114.

**A reminder for students:** Counseling and Testing Service

and University Division offices are open until 7 p.m. Monday-Thursday to better serve students. If you have concerns and feel we can help, please walk in. No appointments are necessary. The offices are located in the east wing of the Eppley Building.

**The Omaha Community Playhouse** is presenting DRACULA now through March 16. the box office is open 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday. For further information call 553-0800.

Come to the **Chapter Summary Bible Study**, Fridays at 11 a.m. in MBSC Room 314, and see that faith in Christ will make you strong.

# SPO WEEKEND EVENTS

Friday Night Film . . .

## THE EXORCIST

(1973; Color; R; Directed by William Friedken)

Starring Ellen Burstyn, Lee J. Cobb, Linda Blair, and Max Von Sydow. Nominated for 10 Academy Awards. One of the most powerful films ever made. The story is based on a 1949 case in which a Jesuit priest expelled a demon from a 14 year-old girl. The Exorcist reveals the ultimate fear and anguish surrounding demonic possession while exploring evil. The terrifying realism of a child turned living demon is an intense journey.



Showing at 5:00, 7:30, and 10:00 p.m. in the Eppley Conference Center. Costs 75¢ with UNO ID.

Sunday Night Film . . .

## GATE OF HELL

(JAPANESE with English subtitles; Color; Directed by Kinugusa)

Winner of 3 Best Foreign Film Awards, including the Oscar. Gate of Hell captures the essence of ancient Japanese culture in which violent passions seethe in conflict beneath stern formality.

"Most beautiful color photography ever to grace the screen."

Japanese Film

"An absolute must."

N.Y. Times



Showing at 7:30 p.m. in the Eppley Conference. Costs 75¢ with UNO ID.

Daytime Band —

## UNO JAZZ ENSEMBLE

Performing today from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. in the Nebraska Dining Room.

— Free Admission —

Special St. Patrick's Day Event . . .

## PADDY WHACK

Performing Monday, March 17, in the Nebraska Dining Room from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

— Free Admission —